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RETRIBUTION.

A Literary Contribution

TO THE

NOVA SCOTIA DEPARTMENT

OF THE

PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

BY ALBYN.

Nemo me impune lacessit.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY WM. MACNAB, PRINCE STREET,
1875.

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BY ALBYN. pseud.

Andrew Shields.

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INTRODUCTION.



“ Let those laugh now that have before
Been laughing, laugh a little more ;
And such as never laugh, begin
To exercise themselves therein.”
So did a heathen poet write
In long ago, as apposite,
And applicable we admit—
Appears the relaxation, yet,
Even in a christian age like this,
It does not seem to be amiss.
We'll contribute for one occasion
Material for a cachination.
No legend, ours, but *bona fide*,
And the location is beside ye ;
The date, that scarcely need be told,
Is, at the outside—two months old ;
And for the actors, one's a showman,
Another both a squire and yeoman ;
The third, half-grown,—the wanting half
We'll pass o'er in this paragraph.
It generally is allow'd
Of *citizen*-ship he is proud ;
Presumptive, too, more than is meet,

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And strongly tinctured with conceit,
 Altho' its sole foundation yet,
 Is with mysteriousness beset.
 'Tis true that "Festus" said Paul had
 With too much learning become mad :
 So education, in our days,
 A dwarfish brain may partly eraze,
 And prompt our quondam friend to pay
 Us off for *that* election day.
 There is some satisfaction in
 Revenge, albeit allied to sin—
 'Tis the clandestine mode, and mean,
 He took to ventilate his spleen,
 We censure; 'tis the zeal to aid
 His partner in the stigma trade,
 And cautiously a nameless *Lyre*
 Attempt to hide from Albyn's ire :
 Vain subterfuge ! the cloven foot
 Was seen protruding thro' the Boot.
 But, when a Boy (how erudition
 Might dignify a man's position,
 And if he by his actions lose it,
 It is not "ALMA MATER" does it,)—
 But when a boy— well, we allow,
 He was not then what he is now :
 Some traits imposing ; other some
 Inviting ; but on them we're dumb !
 Tho' whilst we're chopping law and logic,
 Both may find entrance to our project.

As we intend to found our farce—on
 The frenzy of a *stickit* parson :
 Hence, something of a legal kind,
 May with them mingle in our mind,
 And in the *trio*, there's no doubt,
 That something curious will come out,
 Whereat the very jaws of coquettes
 In levity may leave their sockets,
 And the more moderate escape
 With faces twisted out of shape.

Laughing's infectious ; there is none
 That cares for laughter when alone,
 And never less than ten at least
 Should laugh in chorus at a jest ;
 But, ten times ten ! in fact a crowd,
 Should be the quorum we're allowed.
 Big Bugs, or, specially invited,
 Listening to what we have indited,
 The quota of their mirth to cast in,
 When it is read by Joseph Austen ;
 Or, see the broad grins—Motton uses
 When he the manuscript peruses.

Pro bono publico ! we claim—
 To write for neither fun nor fame.
 Our title page can well explain
 Why we invoke the Muse again,
 And grasp the pencil with a will.

To figure makes our fingers thrill.
As the assail'd we choose the brand
Befitting best a Poet's hand,
And woe to those with wanton aim
Would with their slaver soil our name ;
The champion's "*scull*" may not awake
One tithe the mirth that we could make,
As hypocrite and harlequin—
Like totums on our tablets spin,
Tho' not among the upper-ten,
All would-be "honourable men."

RETRIBUTION.

Nemo me impune lacessit.

“Owe no man anything,—but love.”
So reads the Scriptures ; we approve
The precept ; as we are a Poet,
Feel perfectly content to owe it.
There seems to be no limit set
For cancelling that kind of debt,
Not even a syllable is said
Of when the payment shall be made,
Accommodation never will
Have terms more easy to fulfil ;
Indeed, it seems as if no call
Shall be for principal at all ;
But, as our assets may accrue,
We'll pay the interest when due ;
Taking for granted, tho' not stated,
Hate should, of course, be ventilated ;
And from the funds that we have now
Must upon *Funnyman* bestow
The first instalment ; few we wot
Will envy Gaffer of his lot,

So learn'd, so lapsed, and so lame—
 Gives him a preferential claim ;
 And as we fill cheques now and then
 No doubt we'll think of little KEN—
 As Gaffer's aider and abettor
 We own ourselves to be his debtor ;
 As we are solvent, he can wait,
 And brood pon his coming fate,
 Then by and bye, tho' times be dull,
 We'll settle his account in full.

Just retribution is a debt
 Of honour—no one should forget,
 And always to be promptly paid,
 Nor offsets over nicely made.
 Give Scripture measure for what's due—
 Press'd down and running over too.
 No compromises can atone
 For insolence in any one ;
 Society will not admit
 Of less than compensation fit,
 Especially, where spleen or spite,
 To liquidation does invite ;
 Nor to be weigh'd by consequences
 What may be meet for some offences ;
 But, as in making a silk purse,
 A sow's ear is not worth a curse—
 So poetry, on *puppies* may
 Be not the best adapted way.

What odds ! as upon this occasion
 The object is not admiration,
 Yet, possibly by our coercion
 Outsiders may get some diversion.
 Nor is it all the Poet's fault,
 If wanting found in attic salt,
 Our similes and satires, freeze,
 Or scorch, exactly as we please ;
 And, even when inverted, will
 Part of our purposes fulfil.

A farmer in—*terrorem* nails
 To his barn door, the heads and tails,
 When they are caught, of hawks and owls
 That come to prey upon his fowls ;
 Tho' not as compensation, yet
 Some satisfaction he may get,
 And such marauders as are spared
 Deter from pilfering in his yard.
 So, we intend to gibbet some—
 To poach in our preserves do come.

If throwing stones to them can give
 Delight, that in glass houses live ;
 Can it be strange if those they hit
 Do fling them back should they think fit.
 KEN is susceptible, and may
 Regret his rashness in a way—
 Perhaps he did not dream of, when

His venom soil'd the "CITIZEN."
 It is not the first time that we
 With vipers made a little free,
 And those that fasten'd on our hands
 Shook off among the burning brands,
 And knew not, if we felt much harm, in
 The bites of such disgusting vermin.
 We'll find enough to make KEN sorry,
 Without the family Eunuch story !
 If Gaffer makes the balls, and KEN,
 For his amusement flings them, then—
 Then, by the castigating pow'rs,
 Retaliation shall be ours.
 To let the pair escape our rhyme
 Would be both meanness and a crime.
 Be it remembered we are none—
 Of those that's tamely trench'd upon ;
 We give no quarter,—none we crave
 From either hypocrite or knave ;
 But hold him as a treach'rous foe,
 Beneath the belt would strike a blow,
 And them assassins seek our track
 To make a stab behind our back.
 War to the knife, if it be war
 What may be done, at least we dare !
 No sanctities can Albyn see
 In an M. A. or LL.D.,
 More than in Gaffer, or in KEN,
 To paralyse a poet's pen ;

Even if there is, we count a title,
 Of no more value than a spittle.
 Our *nom de plume*, a certain guide,
 Of what we are, and, where abide,
 Nor, of such questionable shape
 To be mistaken for an Ape.

Nothing anonymous conceals
 The open front of Andrew Shiels,
 He's not ashamed, nor yet afraid
 To face his foes with naked blade,
 Provided always that, behind
 A hedge, no hiding place they find,
 Or, cover with that sapient sheet,
 The "CITIZEN," their cloven feet ;
 His visor's up, and is prepared
 The character he has to guard,—
 'Tis capital too fondly prized
 That reckless ruffians, tho' disguised,
 However much to pillage prone,
 May find it best to leave alone ;
 Nor is he ever known to yield
 One foot-breadth on the battle field,
 Tho' a gorilla, fierce and keen,
 His bold assailant erst has been,
 We played our part till it became
 More calm at least, if not more tame ;
 Driving it off to Downing Street
 To publish there its own defeat ;

Tho' all the uproar that it made
 Could not to sympathy persuade,
 And, saving Gaffer and his dog,
 Since then, we've met no other rogue.

His fate might have admonish'd KEN.
 To be aware of Albyn's pen ;
 Not much Shiels dreads those wicked things,
 The wasps, though all of them have stings ;
 Still less, those wanton waifs that roam,
 As clergymen, away from home ;
 Half saints professed,—but then the fact is,
 That half, is seldom put in practice,
 And on occasions show a bias
 To act the part of Ananias !
 Nor, will it be considered strange
 That some of them, by way of change,
 Or rather relish, in their lives
 Have concubines, as well as wives !
 (Impatient of the happiness
 That fabled Honeymoons possess)—
 And lay aside the preaching trade,
 When servant girls are mothers made,
 Or, antecedents prove that it,
 Might be thought more than time to quit.
 'T is not commendable; but, then
 The ministers are only men—
 And of the *ci devants* are some
 That curious articles become,

Even dwindle down till lost among
The undistinguishable throng.

Tho' half a buzzard, if inclined,
KEN need not go far off to find,
Nor waste his precious time to seek
A blush for his unblushing cheek.
There is more than one tender spot
At home, perhaps he think's forgot.
A verse of ours, without his leave,
Could instantly from time retrieve,
Or pencil in a paragraph,
A picture, would make people laugh.
Tho' little KEN, might little care,
To see himself distinguish'd there.

Altho' directed to forgive,
No prohibition positive
Enjoins how far, or in what way,
We should maliciousness repay ;
We'll take the universal plan,
To use our penchant as we can,
And with due courtesy report,
Proceedings in a Justice Court.

Some men are born to greatness ; some
Must wait with patience till it come ;
Whilst, actually, we have known 'em
Had greatness suddenly thrust on 'em ;
Even imbeciles have felt a touch

At times, altho' 'tis never much—
 They always come back to the level
 On which they naturally revel.
 In such, we grade him number four,
 He may be less, he may be more,—
 A genius he, it must be owned,
 In Dartmouth frequently is found ;
 Of giant size, but brain so small.
 A baby's skull might hold it all.
 And, in the place of common sense,
 A vast amount of consequence.
 Determining the fine or fee
 A culprit mulcted there shall be ;
 It matters not what's said or sworn
 The imposition must be borne,
 And woe is theirs who breathe the air
 Or look for equity in there !
 Oh ! out of Justice Shallow's den
 Good Lord deliver us ! Amen.

A simple fact is always true,
 Altho' the dress 'tis in, be new ;
 But Shallow, by his legal lore,
 Deem'd that it could be less, or more,
 And found a fabrication must,
 If made on oath, be counted just,
 And over-ruled his colleague, who
 Sat there advising what to do—
 Saying, that for the sport we made,

Only one dollar should be paid!
 He could find nothing else to say,
 But, then, it is the Dartmouth way.
 Oh! oh! from Justice Shallow's den
 Good Lord deliver us! Amen.

EPITAPH.

Here Gaffer *Funnyman*, the *Lyre*,
Lies, who told lies upon the squire;
 Among the common damn'd degraded,
 Till Satan's company's paraded.

Gaffer, was once a Hebrew teacher,
 And then an Antiburgess preacher,
 Until some sort of a disaster
 Made twain of people and of pastor;
 We care not to advertise now
 The over-curious, as to how,
 Or why: altho' in such a case,
 Tradition, does deserve a place,
 As their embellishments might add
 To what already is—too bad.
 But, it was deemed that near Mount Hope
 Would be a fitting place to stop,
 As vantages of various kinds,
 A student in that structure finds,
 When symptoms of unruliness
 Insanity—in part confess.
 So, bye and bye, he got a home in

Dartmouth, and acted as a showman ;
 But *stickit* ministers are there
 Considered quite a small affair.
 Legends and laziness, did each,
 Suit Gaffer better than to preach,
 Tho' most officious, it is said,
 Where wealthy widows' wills are made,
 But far more summarily ejected,
 On some occasions—than expected !
 Leaving behind, without his care,
 The gold chains and the watches there—
 Aye, and the comfortable doze
 He had upon the lounge, to lose,
 Where, whilst with one eye shut, he slept ;
 The other on the coffers kept
 Night watch ; or in the nurse's stead
 Could render help if there was need :
 A very plausible pretence
 For covering impertinence ;
 But the expulsion, sharp and short,
 Spoil'd all the meditated sport,
 And harshly on his temper grated
 Beyond what he had calculated,
 And made the quasi christian creature
 The incarnation of ill-nature,
 Especially, if in the e'ening
 An extra glass was intervening ;
 Like living balls of flaming fire
 His eyes betokened savage ire,

Whilst up on end, stood ev'ry hair,
 Without one sign of sermon there ;
 Aye, and the snout, the puggish shapen,
 Appear'd a formidable weapon ;
 Its purple colour gave a grace
 To otherwise a fiendish face,
 And terse and terrible his tone
 Of utterance when the fit was on :
 Some people thought ;—but we prefer,
 Not to say what, in case we err,
 And then, O then, but was not he
 A funny looking thing to see !!
 No turkey cock could well be prouder
 Of his make-up, or gabble louder,
 Or, strut in more ludicrous fashion,
 Than Gaffer in a pious passion.
 So, to diversify his labour,
 An ill report, raised on his neighbour.
 Albeit the Psalmist says:—such will
 Have no abode on Zion hill,
 And then besides, as people know,
 He turned his back upon the Plow.
 Even to establish his position—
 Lean'd o'er the margin of perdition,
 Feeling or might have felt, what verse
 In epitaphs may not rehearse,
 But, ev'n in Justice Shallow's hearing,
 He border'd closely on false swearing ;
 And it was difficult, forsooth,

To keep him some-way near the truth.
 But that, was neither here nor there,
 As judgment had been given ere
 The case was heard ;—to some this may
 Seem strange ; but is the Dartmouth way.
 It is the faces, not the facts,
 Upon an issue there—that acts.

On Sabbath it had been decreed
 (The better day, the better deed,)
 On Sabbath !—day of self denial ;
 Sabbath ! the day before the trial
 It was announced, O shallow mind !
 That the defendant should be fined,
 And right, or wrong, no odds it made
 When Justice Shallow had it said !!
 If there's a place that does compare
 With Dartmouth ; who can tell 'is where ?
 That we, (forgive our selfishness)
 Another wrinkle may possess.

Had he been bless'd with sense to try
 And get the beam from his own eye,
 The motes that in his neighbours' swim
 Might not have look'd so large to him ;
 But, "cruelty to animals"
 An incident to us recalls :—
 In Gaffer's history so rude
 On memory it will obtrude,

And looms in our remembrance still,
 The scene of it is break-heart Hill ;
 The time, one Sabbath afternoon,
 About the month of May or June,
 Or, if 'twas in the season later
 That does make very little matter.

When on his oath, forgetting then
 (For ministers are only men,)
 And difficult 'tis to exempt
 Some of the cloth from our contempt,
 And it is just as like as not
 His antecedents were forgot,
 Or else he did not deem it scandal
 To maul a horse with a hoe handle !
 At least the clumsy looking stick
 Was just as long and just as thick,
 More like a fencing stake than whip,
 It came down on the garran's hip,
 And had a deputy to aid
 Him, in the savage onslaught made.
 Returning home from preaching, down
 In the precincts of Lawrencetown ;
 And by his measurement of pain
 The jaded creature did complain ;
 And yet the sinner loudly prated,
 Because a dog we had checkmated ;
 That nightly with a burglar's aim,
 Unseen our visitor became ;

And in our *lock-up* without grudging,
 Was favour'd with a few hours lodging ;
 Nor martyr-like with a *Te Deum*,
 Had been embalm'd in the Museum.

Perhaps he did not know that we
 Were present then and there to see,
 The outrage on the poor dumb brute,
 Made by him, and his substitute ;
 But, one Cole harbourite at least
 Denounced his treatment of the beast,
 And cursed the wretch such reckless blows,
 Could on an animal impose.
 No doubt that Gaffer was aware
 A justice Shallow was not there,
 But culpable it were to skip,
 That relic of his preaching trip.
 Such cruelty had never been—
 Ere then in all Cole harbour seen,
 Nor will again, since dogs became
 Synonymous with Gaffer's name.

Ah ! now we are forgetting quite
 The epitaph we have to write,
 Which if we do, our readers will
 Imagine that we treat them ill ;
 And lest it disappointment give,
 We'll now resume the narrative.
 There's no apology to make
 About the zig-zag course we take,

As, just as it comes in our head,
 Sometimes we go at railway speed,
 Or if there be a special cause,
 Are not averse to make a pause—
 But seldom fail, when 'tis a person,
 To let him off without diversion—
 Noting the demon all the while,
 That lurks beneath a borrow'd smile.

If this last paragraph seem odd,
 Just read it as an episode,
 Or a parenthesis ; digression
 May comprehend some useful lesson.
 Well,—Gaffer falling, falling in—
 Came to buffoonery at last ;
 Making the folk that cross the ferry
 With his *he-ha, ha-hawing* merry,
 Until the creature's shrivell'd soul
 Took flight at hearing a dog howl—
 And these few strokes of Albyn's pen,—
 Here labels him *fag-end of men*.

—ALBYN.

Dartmouth, June, 1875.